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THE WORLD LAYS BEFORE US.

...BY...

T. W. WHITMER.

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The World Lays Before us.

The world lays before us,
We plainly know well;
We should be decorous
With certainty delve.

In beauties unfolded
In every clime,
They are thus molded
By nature's own time.

We only grow weary
A living this life,
Life is so dreary
In pain and strife.

In vain we combat it,
And nerved to the last;
Over all dwell the hermit,
We are certainly past.

The Country Churchyard.

Many within their graves lay here
To perfect the human sphere;
Many a marble glittering bright,
A reward of the silent tears.

Many the songsters warbling bright
Within this border inclose;
Many tears are flowing tonight,
To stand in the place of those.

The dew falls on the flower that lies,
The teardrops come and go;
For friends not few, tested and tried,
The way of the world of woe.

No Use to Live Single.

No use to live single,
No use for to try;
Your pocket to jingle,
And live until you die.

You make me mad
When I am alone,
My heart grows sad,
Is turned to stone.

No use to live single,
No home at all;
Children to mingle
And come at your call.

Rosy cheek, dimple,
The pride of my life;
I would have been simple
And butted out my life.

I would go mad without thee
And be in great distress;
A fool that could not see
And in a pretty mess.

The Way of Life.

The way of life is mortal
And nature strives alone,
It strives to gain a portal
Where it will be atone.

The way of life in sadness
Will turn the heart of stone,
The dark cloud rolled back in gladness
Will be the way to own.

Let storms like a wild deluge
Of sorrow uncontrolled;
The spirit our only refuge
Does not leave us unconsoled.

The way of life go on as ever,
Amid the stream of time;
While others come and gather,
And nature falls into decline.

Only a few more days are waning,
The way of life be told;
Why should we be complaining,
And nature grow so old.

When Life is O'er.

When the scene of life is o'er,
And this mortal life is passed;
We are wafted to the shore,
Then our time on earth is past.

Our rest is like a moment fled,
The dark clouds roll away;
The grand burst at the fountain head,
All will shine forth bright as day.

Glory to God let our natures rest
In the home of the living God;
In the happy and final test,
All that deified may trod.

How Roughly We Are Handled.

How roughly we are handled through life,
How softly it will be;
When we have crossed the river of life
And gained our liberty.
Through many a toil and snare
The body depletedly;
Like a roaring lion in his lair
The spirit be free.

The prattling tongue that ever talks,
So very heartedly;

Then on our feet of nature's walk,
Though varied steadily.

Thou mendicant of nature's time,
The siren handiwork be;
For such is nature in every clime,
Is left for us to see.

Years Past.

Years have passed and gone,
Close by a budding stay;
Memorable to find thee out;
Commensurable to the end.

They have a leavening grace,
That leaves their strong path
Well trodden fore and aft.

Today we know them well,
Tomorrow they have gone to dwell
In sordid past that is
Over at last.

The Day is Gone.

The day is drawing nigh,
With a rift across the sky;
Leaves in the sun tint glow,
Treasures of the hidden snow.

While they ripple in the breeze,
And man is hard to please,
The sheep in the meadow below,
They raise a hue and a cry.

You not meet me ere I die,
The plane of salvation stay,
In right and lawful way
The counterparts of the throne,
For their hearts are hard as stone.

Over the River.

Over the river
The silent one keeps,
He who is giver
Of the little one sleep.

Over the river
As of yore,
Time though sever
Of manhood moor.

Over the river
We parted once more
As painful as ever
From mother of yore.

After the Struggle.

After the struggle
Of many a year,
Of childhood fear.

After the struggle
Of manhood cheer
Are drooping here.

After the struggle
Of age brown seer
A weary traveler.

After the struggle,
When time is no more;

Down to the grave
To rest to be sure.

After the struggle
The grave will rend
Apart the cloud, and our God
descend.

After the struggle
When time is no more
We will be like him
On the beautiful shore.

Our Refuge.

The Lord indeed is our refuge,
In sorrow here below;
Though we look sadly on
Our nature that outward go.

A face upturned, a radiant glow,
Through this changing world below,
A silence intervening space,
That comes to all within the race.

Of noble destiny so rare,
Strewn with fragrance here;
In God we only trust,
Until nature is laid in the dust.

Who can court iniquity far,
Or bring to life the silent bier,
The one our cause only knows.
That life immortality glow.

Fleeting Life.

Clouds may roll
Across my soul,
Life is only fleeting away;
The wind may blow,
While others sow,
Life is only fleeting away.

Though storms may come,
May I reach my home;
Life is only fleeting away;
In whose care
A crown may wear,
Fleeting of life is stayed.

There is a crown
Though often cast down,
  We shall not be dismayed,
For I am thy God,
Thy staff and rod,
  To guide you on your way.

To a palace of delight,
Where there is no night
  Thy glory shines as the day.

Her Cheer.

She did always give us cheer,
And soothed our childish fear;
  She was ever a kind mother.

Though many a time;
Through age and decline,
  She was the guardian angel ever.

And so she went away,
On a bright spring day,
  She could not tarry forever.

So storms and clouds may roll
And vex our very soul
We will have to lean on another.

It is but a few days,
At the least anyways,
With her we will rest together.

For such is life to me
Forever it will be,
To all that comes and gathers.

We should gather for the King
And our very natures bring
The fruit of the spirit ever.

The War Cloud.

The war cloud hangs low,
The sun, moon and stars appear,
Blue over the plains of strife,
A movement in the rear.

To Cuba's far shore
Head of infamous treachery there,
Snatch them from their beastly lair,

And expel the Spaniard from our
shore,
And give them a whipping or nothing
more.

Their government people rue,
Precepts tried and found untrue.
Their's are like a spell,
To suffer torments worse than hell.

A fiend incarnate like a devouring fire
Has raised freedom's nation's ire;
Has struck conscience remorse
For such a rider to unhorse.

Shadows of Today.

Grim shadows of today,
Ere human nature moves along;
From childhood, youth and decay,
Weak, then feeble and strong.

Grim shadows of the past
Mount up the funeral pyre,
Becomes a mystery at last,
A sordid spectacle wry.

Grim shadows of a coming day,
The night being dispelled,
The darkness is rolled away
And day is come to dwell.

The shadow on the kitchen floor,
Ideal home of rest;
It suits our nature and nothing more,
For such a home, how blest.

Gone and forgotten,
A shadowless ray,
To the hills of the dead
Where all nature decay.

The Limpid Stream.

Limpid stream, how long
Have you been flowing this way,
The catbirds in the willow throng
Are cawing the live long day.

How many distant sunset fair
The sun to rise over fields of grain,
Pale moon with its lurid glare,
To rise and set again.

A remote history it could tell,
Its voice though hushed were raised
Of the red man by that near dwelled,
Its paths he fondly craved.

Many a fond fountain flowed,
Grass lined along the way;
Meadow that others mow,
As the years come and go.

Toil of Others.

Entitled to the same of old,
Aged classics come and go;
While others come and mold,
And made a great show.
While others plow and toil,
And backed by their energies,
Depend entirely upon the soil,
A hard master for to please.

Some is ruffled by what is sold,
Their merchandise in the line,
Expect to profit by other's gold,
Which is often hard to find.

While others are born to reign supreme
A contempt for others show;
Make others think they are not being,
They would not humble so.
While others walk in a more congenial clime,
They are not afraid of losing time.

A Deserted House.

A deserted house
Is like a frame;
One the property of the mouse,
The other the name.

One has stood the storm,
The other being depressed,
Where kindness is unborn
Intermittent with the rest.

Though tottering to a fall,
The frame incased lies,
For such comes over all
As the time goes by.

Silent Tread.

Who can count the days flown,
Or surmount unto the skies;
Who can render the invisible aim,
He who is sender of the rain.

Over main street or town,
To awake the chirping voice;
And shake them from remorse.

Of ignominious fate to lie,
To rest in high estate close by;
When our very nature's fled
In the sure and silent tread.

Limited Sphere.

Close to my mother,
Who is buried away;
There is room for another,
Some other day.

Nature strives within,
And manhood without;

My purpose undim,
  Or hurled about.
I will fight the battle bravely,
  When life is o'er;
I will not be naively,
Or worry evermore.

While there is breath there is life,
  Abounding solace here;
In every cause there is strife,
  Limited in its sphere.

Debtor of All.

There's a debtor over all,
  That cannot be satisfied;
Demands a life at every call,
  And still is not satisfied.

Till all the great of earth brought low,
  His fiery arm is waged in war,
The earth combined here below,
  Like Death's autumnal star.

Though the leaves fall thick and fast,
  The storm of life will soon be o'er;

Thus silent have others passed,
Beyond death and his frightened
shore.

All that is human can't stand the test,
They fall in death's mysterious ways;
When all is over and gone to rest,
Until some bright, somber day.

Mysterious Moving.

The world moves in a mysterious way,
While nature grows old and decays;
It is a fact and only true
While one thing moves out,
Others move in view.

While one has stood the test
And run an intervening course;
At once gives way to rest,
More proudly to boast.

While some have come to stay,
And by their actions prove;

But generally falls away,
With other things that move.

Other work after being done,
Is likely to change;
Before the set of sun.

Turning of Life.

The field outstretched before the eye,
Youth arrayed, it heaves a sigh;
From its infant state arise
Past all earthly energies.

Within this field of human make,
Life turns incessantly;
Life with many vocations takes,
Its fun indefinitely.

The Saw of Life.

The Saw of life,
Is life's decline;
And integral strife,
That distracts the mind.

Tilted through the infant age,
Manhood's iron nerve,
Life is only a cage,
We all have to serve.

Until a coming day,
Life's serenest days are past;
The dark and billowy way,
Foams over the way at last.

It ceases its course,
Its way for to find;
In a shrouded hearse,
All of the same kind.

The Scene of Life.

A living scene so rife,
In every land and clime;
The time has come for strife,
No longer the thine.

The elements with passion's heat,
The combat of time is here;
Mistaken idea for a cheat,
The way cannot be steered.

So let his fiery arm be waged in war,
His overwrought passion to suside;
Until life's spark is kindled in flames
of fire,
His heated passion to subside.

In glorious conflict see the eagle ride,
And face the convulsive blast;
The monarch on the other side,
Trembles at his fierce wrath.

For freedom's arm is over all,
Earthly dominion rise;
Soon or late comes at his call,
A much treasured prize.

Bad Boy.

You say I am a feeling bad,
Don't want to be annoyed;
Nor lost the sense I ever had,
For I am the same old boy.

I've been tough, its been true;
Since I were a lad;

And have much for to rue,
In being very bad.

My father died when I were young,
I had an awful fight;
Was a fool and high strung,
And ran about at night.

Until my eyes closed at midday,
My nerves were unstrung;
Was not enough in me for to bray,
And to a straw I clung.

You say I have gone far enough,
And have got very low down,
So I have, with such stuff,
The vilest of the town.

The Drain of Life.

The drain of life in its course,
Flows to larger streams near the source;
The branch of youth runs day by day,
And finally falls to manhood's way.

The creek of manhood runs year by
year,
To riper age that never fears;
The creek to larger rivers run,
To seas, life's noblest sun.

The sea outward to the ocean goes,
Which points unto the ebbing flow.

The Way.

The way of ways are open unto view,
It is hard telling what a century will do;
Though it may begin,
No telling where it may end.

As time is so limited,
And year by year is passed;
There is been a time primitive,
Which can't be surpassed.

Either in his laborious ways,
The world within her orbits turn;
The world that lives has to pay,
For all the midnight oil she burns.

For in this way the time draws near,
The way of ways for to prove;
The man that comes and never fears,
Always has to get a move.

Upon him falls a dreary lot,
His ambitions for to crave;
It is hard to tell how he plots,
Until he is in his grave.

Tarry Not.

Tarry not in the world we live,
Tussel and bustle and nothing to give;
The way we are born is only luck,
And if poor it takes no little pluck.

The rich oppressive in their way,
They get what others make by the day;
The poor receives not the coin,
Hardly enough to eat from the day
he is born.

The rich goes all the way of men,
In natures vice and venal sin;

While the poor are not free from
doubt,
From sin within and vice without.

The wicked race more soon her course,
Supplanted by a new and vital force;

The earth put on her crested green,
Nothing about it that is so mean.

The Banker.

The banker opens his bank and orders
call,
And next he hears the eagle squall;
The silver dollars he piles up so high,
Then the squalls of the eagle are
heard nigh.

Some grown thin, being long in war,
Others more new not worn so far;
His greenbacks something else doth
speak,
The poor man thinks if he had a few
He could get along so well.

Until the ninety days are out,
And nothing rolls in view,
Then comes the poor man's time to think,
What in the devil will I do.

I go and mortgage my farm,
Then I have enough chink;
To go and pay the note off,
The trouble for to brink.

Pay day comes around again,
Just the same as before;
Nothing in his flank akin,
The eagle squalls the more.

Until he wears his poor self out,
His farm from the mortgage prove;
There isn't the least doubt,
Why he don't have to move.

Amid the Leaves.

Amid the fluttering of the leaves
Comes a time that's hard to please;

It chooses our choicest flowers,
They are still here when we lay
In the cold and clammy clay,
We are thus ruled by his power.

So the leaves come and go
In the pale here below;
While we at his feet cower's,
Today we rest under their shades,
And tomorrow under them lay,
We are not safe at any time or hour.

Many fall at the right and left,
And still there's plenty left;
On this sin benighted land of ours.

The promise is if I go away,
I likewise at another day;
Shall come in his power.

Awake to Death.

Death sat upon the silent wake,
Wondering who he would take;
For the old had fallen in life's battle
array.

But still he was not chained for he
carried the young away.

The prime of life he spared not,
But kissed them with a flame of fire.
The day herein they were begot
He most silently admired.

The pale outstretched before the human eye,
Death's dark shadows lengthening at last;
Becomes a stale when they die,
That others meet and pass on by.

Deep in their graves their light have fled,
Who can count the many days flown;
Or number the millions in his tread,
Are engraved the many wondrous ways,
The victims that lay in his dread.

Young Couple.

Pitched out upon the world of snow,
Plenty to eat now;
But next summer, oh no.

Without a horse or cow,
Dispell a mighty aim;
They wonder what will turn
Up now or who was to blame.

And sad was the marriage vow,
Oh how they do raise cane;
We cut a mighty swell,
And it has'nt been many days ago,
One thing we do know well,
We would like to know where to go.

Get There.

Misery leaves defeat,
Before this life is done;
The thing accomplished
Is not fairly won.

Our life is one of flight,
Only left to be condoled;
Whether wrong or right,
Flies from pole to pole.

Limited within its sphere,
The narrow way to find;
Has only to get there,
Or come out behind.

The Want of Bread.

Through the still night and here,
The firelight with its radiant glow;
The world of sorrow and of care,
Is the only world we know.

At times we breathe the fresher air,
We feel the elements of time;
Unimportant as they are,
How grand and sublime.

Who can ask the waking throng,
How indifferent to see;
Or gain what others wrought,
And in their hearts live happy.

Out upon the world tonight,
There are still darker homes;
They wish for bread that's not in sight,
Of which has gone to roam.

Unkind People.

There's many born to live unkind,
A terrific brawl create;
At no time of one mind,
How they ungodly prate.

To satisfy their greed in vain
Would be to conquer a lion;
At your door and then you get a bad name,
Are the worst of it I am sure.

Though fallen from their high estate,
A victim of their conscience feel;
Not much, at any rate,
Remains untempered steel.

The billows that blow the fiery coals,
Goes out at break of day;

Is nothing old or new,
Remain the same away.

A Bad Man.

Where there are bitters
There are sweets,
Among the rest
There's something to eat.

The bitter taste is not so bad,
When sweet is often to be had.

When earth has rebelled against you,
And have gone beyond control;
You better be hiding out,
In another hole.

And pick your chances,
If they are slim;
And come out at twilight,
When the shadows are growing dim.

A Thief.

They are always after me,
At every turn annoyed;

They say I am a chicken thief,
Is why I am employed.
They accuse me of stealing sheep,
They say I am the boy;
For it was done when asleep,
But they punish me with joy.
A neighbor's cow next went off the farm,
They all look mad at me;
They surely meant to do me harm,
By hanging me to a tree.
The worst of that occurred,
That was so hard on me;
Was for stealing a horse,
And landing me in the pen.

The Old Fighter.

Old Chanticler crowed with a break-neck voice,
I've done and whipped you;
Now mind and stay up there,
And not make such a stew.

And when you come down,
I say make yourself No. 2;
And if you don't stand back,
I will whip the devil out of you.

He still crowed on in a muffled voice,
When the old one is far away;
At a safe distance is his choice,
For he has stood a hard hack getting away.
His master calls him to come down,
His friendship to renew;
Or else I'll take you off to town,
Or make you into stew.

The Bad Hound.

The hound ran on without his master's word,
A turkey was the object, is why he never heard;
His master called him loud to go,
His hide he would skin;

Every time he would get up and after
him,
Until he wore his old self out.

His master called him loud to go,
His senses to retain;
Until the hound went home disqualified,
Having missed the turkey, his master
missed his hide.
He remains the same old bird,
Beraggled before,
His tail pulled out behind;
Still gobbling at the door.

Only a Dream.

The trouble with me is so seems,
That I have had my say;
Oh tell me was it only a dream,
Of one that has passed on the way.

How much longer my time shall be,
It remains for me not to say;

Be up and ready to see,
What awaits us on the way.

Though earth may be despairingly cold,
As cold as cold could be;
It is time to be resolute and bold,
Time's finger is pointed at thee.

Old Boreas.

Oh how the wind doth blow,
Old Boreas' breath of snow;
Come down from the North,
With a terrific snort,
Away from Idaho.

The crackling fire on the hearth unhushed,
The shrouded woodland lay;
The unhushed shriek without,
Remains for the dawn of day.

The time when the birds come out,
But who can count on a song today;

For the warblers have flown,
Or call them from the far away,
Until the ice and snow are gone.

Winter.

It will soon be midday,
Still snowing away;
How much longer we do not know,
'Tis according the way the wind doth blow.

So it is with a lesson,
Unlearned and untried;
But sense enough,
Not to get burnt to the hide.

But cinders and ashes,
That are smouldering away;
Will keep a fire,
For another day.

Our Nation.

A verbal cheer moves down the line,
Our passing trouble will soon be o'er;

The enemy captured after a time,
His power to regain no more.

Over freedom's nation let thanksgiving ring,
Freedom from Britain evermore;
Safe from her tyraneous kings,
She stands a monument and more.

To rise like a majestic wall,
Encompassed from sea to sea;
In her time she knows no fall,
Most proudly to see.

She rides over that barbaric power,
United from shore to shore;
The nation of the hour,
Freedom's nation evermore.

We should be thankful for all time,
Crowned heads not so restful;
How grand and sublime.

Mr. Quack.

Of all the quacks there's Mr. Quack of time,
Needless to say what he lacks either thy or thine;
For Mr. Quack is not short of tack the way for to find,
You often see his back up to the ninety-nine.

Mr. Quack who governs all, is not the only quack;
I see of all the pluck, and luck, he has been luckily;
For other quacks are but frauds that ought not to be.
For such quacks are much akin to you and me.

Such is Mr. Quack, the very Old Nick of time,
Is to be seen with a broad back in every land and clime;

He makes himself felt in every walk
of life,
Often you might think there's noth-
ing left but that eternal strife.

Which shortly overthrows the best of
men,
Mad like demon glare;
Fits them only for to show,
See how they rip and tear.

They are in for tearing up the world,
To satisfy their sinful lust;
Or swear with their sinful tongue,
The one they need to trust.

The Passing Forest.

The moaning forest in the morning lay,
Filled with warblers for many miles
away;
There comes that cruel and de-
spairing race,
To obliterate it from off the face of
earth.

Everyone which looks down in proud
disdain,
Their lawful rights to scorn.

So are they noted in their chain,
In which they are to move;
To bridge the silence that forever
reigns,
Their brutal strength for to prove.

Fenced cities are made of thee,
The mountain cabin home,
A place of refuge for to flee,
For them that's gone to roam.

Thou caricature sculptor of all time,
The work of all earth engraven
there;
Desolate as it rose in after time,
Left the workmen in despair.

The River of Time.

The same channel exist there,
Its course only proves;

Having cut the barrier down so far,
In a new course doth move.

Many have trod thy banks,
And in its soothing waters bathed;
The high the low of every walk and rank,
Lo in their grave the only saved
Sad recollections of long ago.

The merry youth with grand display,
Bids defiance at their parents yes or no;
With others in their day,
A washing for to go.

To Those who walk sad and alone,
Thy natural charms display,
It moves the heart that's made of stone,
To more gentle ways.

The End of War.

Butted against a billygoat instead of a
bull,
For it was spit a spat, just see them
Spaniards pull;
Only fooling with a yankee pig, his
throat for to gore,
Don't mind a little brig, just hear
them cannons roar.

See them coming through the strait,
We better make a fuss;
They still kept coming very elate,
Their batteries are not worth a cuss

Its young America that proudly rides,
Over Spain's proud and boasting
flotilla then,
Until they have nothing left except
their hide,
And of that we are to have a share.

For Dewey waves our flag upon his
seas,

The Spanish bull hide and tail
must go;
For Sampson does just as he please,
Which the Spaniards sadly know.

We are going to fight to the bitter end,
The Spanish bull must raise his tail
and fly;
Before we get at him or it will be
goodbye.

Gathering of Armies.

A light in the distance for many miles
around,
A twinkling star of gladness in many
hearts were found.

A twinkling of the human eye is not
the light to see,
Or midnight star of gladness forever
be.

A twirling swish of waters,
Over the plains of life;

And occasionally a dark ray,
Over the field of strife.
Combatment of time in a lawful way,
Bids nature to be grand,
While earth so decays.
So ends the light of earth so far,
Thou sphere of monotonous ire,
Of direful existence.
The natural impulse be free,
The gathering of the armies;
To a magnetic pole,
Is the light in the distance
That I behold.

Midnight Sun.

The darkness distills the midnight dew,
To refresh the slumbers of not a few;
Who knows our invincible aim,
The length of time they have lain.
Year by year goes by,
The morn of life the sunset glow;

Remains for us to try and try,
  This world of sorrow and of woe.

Until the fleeting days are past,
  Eternal darkness reigns supreme;
We know not how long it may last,
  Until we see the gleam of coming
    day.

The night being dispelled,
  The darkness rolled away;
Then all is well,
  That shines forth bright as day.

Our nature here distills a dew,
  Until the midnight sun has passed;
How often said, how often true,
  We know not how long it may last.

Our Standard.

They were our fathers who did the
    fighting,
  Who have heard the din of battle
And the flashing cannon's roar;

In their graves lie sleeping,
While the eagle soars loftily.
For which we have not forgot evermore.

There are others high on our standard,
That stand as high or more;
Who fought in eighteen hundred and twelve,
A bloody gore.

There the pale corpse without number,
Who tested freedom's cause;
Lo in their graves doth slumber,
Having made Britain pause.

Of all the weird contests,
This power has shared;
The war of the rebellion,
Negro to make free.

With such emancipated freedom,
As a nation steadily grows;
Until with her eighty million subjects,
How proudly she glows.

She fought the Spanish contest,
Of freedom from the latin foes;
For such is freedom's contest,
Poured out for other's woes.

The Bible.

There's a book that still retains,
Life's fondest memories;
Nothing compared to this world of gain,
Our vital energies.

To face the chilling blast,
Confined within their narrow home;
As a guide it shall last,
Beyond the silent tomb.

Downfall of Man.

His son goes down,
The last vital spark goes out;
The struggle has flown,
The bowl lies broken without.

To the caravan that moves along,
A living spring in the way;
But does not last for the weak or strong,
Dries up some day.

Servant of Time.

When trouble waves around us roll,
Like one great frightful sea;
Go take us back to that first love,
Safe in Christ forever be.

Serene and safe from all harm,
The grand pathway find;
It lends to life a living charm,
Unaided nature bind,

He moves in a mysterious way,
To refresh the flowers blown;
He comes to you with kindness says,
Your work on earth is done.

With loving hands you are let down,
Time's servant holds his sway;

No longer that nobility crowns,
Attended restful day.

The Age of Man.

See the school boy in a rolicking way,
Push the dead snag down and say;
There you lay last and didn't it roar,
It was not the first snag pushed down before.

There comes the hoary mantel,
Overtopped and bending low;
Time pushes his own handles,
And all humanity overthrows.

Old earth, your leaves
Have fallen year by year,
A world as the planetary system shows,
His orb shall melt with fervent heat,
Predicted long time ago.

The earth having shed its prehistoric age,

The branches of centuries, came
tumbling down;
He has proven to be an unsafe cage,
And unhallowed ground.

Little Tiny.

Little Tiny, perfect love,
Free from guile without;
Cooing like a little dove,
Knows no such sin.

Little Tiny is out of sight,
When at the age of sixteen;
Neither does she ask you wrong or right,
You sometimes think her very mean.

Some day you'll know,
When tested and tried;
The day wherein,
You would have died.

Not so, you still live on,
Only to wish you never were born;
You still live on and cut a dash,

Which every time doesn't bring the
cash.

Until you wear your old self out,
In vain for to rise;
Little Tiny at the grave.
With her weeping eyes.

The Fairest Gem.

The fairest little gem,
That whiles away the hours;
Keep pulling at the stem,
Till that autumnal bower.

It waves to wave no more,
Is seared by his icy breath;
The chilling storms loudly roar,
What should it know but death.

The little gem that shines so bright,
The pearl of the ocean roar;
Still gleaming in the light,
Is apt to be remembered more.

The little gem the fairest of them all,
Is to be heard through
The kitchen and the hall.

Lord's Power.

Muttering thunders loud roar,
Bespeaks in tones like this;
God in his way can bestow
As great a murmered hiss.

A fragment of thy power, Lord,
That purifies the foulest air;
Accelerated by his loud accord,
Which all humanity shares.

The rain in descending torrents fell,
Give health and wealth to mighty powers;
In right and might and cottage dell,
Bespeaks a voice that is not ours.

But still he holds his peace, Oh, Lord,
How much longer we do not know;
To find such language in his word,
We need not trouble so.

Benighted Visions.

Where silence reigns supreme,
In the land of midnight dream;
Many have indented thy shore,
But still it seems there's many more.

To cross it have many tried,
Approached thy shore only to die;
A concise duty and an unfolded trust,
A shapeless human going to dust.

The moaning woods unheard, unsighted,
Created worlds have passed on by;
Benighted visions, oh how long,
When we shall join that innumerable throng.

The Proud of Nations.

A cooing babe in yon abode
Lay breathing its last;
Only a reflection on the road,
Let dire calamity pass.

A maiden so beautiful and fair,
Her voice hushed on the somber night;
Would deign to leave the world of care,
With all humanity take her flight.

A youth so bright and well known,
Farewell to earth reclaim;
Has found earth hard to be borne,
To venerate his name.

A kind mother upon whose arm,
The great of nations wake;
Nature molded thee for all charms,
Thy rest shall ever take.

A loving father in whose care,
Little ones of earth abide;
Small is thy compass here,
The grave to it was wide.

Bad Eyes.

Looking through specks,
As if your eyes were dim by age;
Life is often hard to serve,
Looking through a cage.

The glimmer of the light,
Sends refreshment to the soul;
It's a hard time no matter,
When we are growing old.

When you are looking through specks,
At the age of twenty-two;
It will be hard to get married,
And as hard as the devil to.

Never think that specks bring,
Beauty that will never rue;
For he wants eyes that have been,
Tried which brings him beauty to.

Nothing sooner finds the old maid out,
To be thus incased;
And if she marries at all,
It will be hard at any rate.

A bachelor's nose is not so high,
  Provided money in his pocket hold;
He will get married by and by,
  Only for his gold.

What We Face.

The field outstretched before the eye,
  From its infant state arise;
Youth arrayed it heaves a sigh,
  It drops, then droops and dies.

Within the field of human wake,
  Life turns incessantly;
Life with many vocations take,
  Its fun indefinitely.

The Married Man.

The married man has something to do.
He need not twist and screw;
  Does not take time to complain,
  By doing things over again.

No need to say I am unwell,
And if he did he'd just catch hell;
He longs for better days to come,
When he can fiddle and gun.

But longing in vain,
To do his fiddling over again;
He swears by Hector it is not his choice.
He always hears another voice.
So he chooses between two evils to,
Always plenty and enough to do.

No Anchor There.

Only one still voice I hear,
Out upon the darkness of the night;
The humble contrite heart doth feel,
Ere the spirit has taken its flight.

To that unknown land,
Beyond eternal sunset here;
Time's laws may demand,
For all eternity forbear.

No sunset fair or mountains cold,
In the city of delight;
There is no more growing old,
For there's no more night.

There floats a song on the slumbering breeze,
Which rings high up in the air;
No ship sails from sea to sea,
And cast their anchor there.

A Mother's Love.

A light in the window,
Is a mother's love;
Dark is the world without thee,
While silence reigns above.

Time, most honored one, for it is hard to do without thee;
Ever since the world began.

There lay the faded bloom,
In the window near by,
Lay the murky gloom.

Sentinels of a faded past,
To bid defiance for to roam;
Since mother's left, the light went out,
Within our little home.

But yet she shines in darkness still,
In the window for thee;
Time most noble spirit bids,
Defiance to be free.

Death of a Good Man.

Father will not tarry long,
His fleeting moments are but few;
Through him were made strong,
The young and noble youths.

A fleeting light has gone out,
All is dark in view;
Oh, for a moment a little spark,
Could cheer me and you.

That waning light, hanging there,
The spirit deified with God;
His worthy nature forever bears,
The silent road he trod.

He lives to shine once more,
His burden to control;
Will be missed very sore,
Together upon a whole.

The Water Sprite.

Along the water course came,
A maiden fair to be named;
Only a rippling water sprite,
That danced and leaped with delight.

Encircled in the eddy there,
With other maidens not so fair;
Being the center of attraction in her day,
A light within the circle she moved.

And much more in many ways,
A fair and genial guide to others prove;
But lo, she vanished out of sight,
To make room for others more gay.

The merry ripple passes in the night,
The light hearted maiden into balmy
days.

Mount Higher.

Mount up higher says the inspiring pen,
What else would you have me do, oh
then;
You shall have your reward,
When the work is done;
Will not say fail, when so fairly begun.

For you are a trump very rare indeed,
Richest of offsprings
Are seldom in need;
The poor are always needy in vain,
They have to struggle and nothing
to gain.

And if you are middling,
And nothing more;
You don't stand a good chance,
I am sure.

Let Others Blow.

Married to things so grave,
The people cling with tenacity;
For it is all in being brave,
Or they will doubt your veracity.

Their aim are always in view,
From every source they come;
And why they cannot be found out,
Is that they cannot be caught on the run.

So in this there's fun alive,
Which is often brought to test;
For it is not the drone in the hive,
That always works the best.

In every unforeseen change,
The world undergoes;
Is always to keep silent,
And let others blow.

L. of C.

On Tick.

There comes along a man just out of
of sight,
His hat turned up just about right;
No use to whistle, no use to blow,
No use to say, yes, good or no.

He will make you whistle for he is the
man,
You owe him a store bill with a two
year's can;
You need not snnff your nose for it is
no go,
For a store bill that you owe.

There comes along an agent with a
sausage grinder,
That would not grind slow, and that is
why you grumble and say oh no;
You bought one of him, and the pay-
ing wasn't done,
Everything you had were mortgaged
under the sun.

Along comes the sheriff,
With Uncle Sam's gun;
Going to take you in,
On the home run.

You owe him your taxes,
No use for to run;
No use for to dodge,
Uncle Sam's gun.

Come now and get a hustle,
Says the other man;
No use for to hustle, just say you can,
Always unload to the other man.

I Have a Book to Sell.

To the man on the steamboat,
To the man on the car;
To the man on the tug boat,
Getting there.

To the man in the brick house,
With his yellow lead;
To the man in the hotel,
That has not gone to bed.

To the man in the office,
To the man lower down;
To the man that sells coffins,
At the lower end of town.

To the man in the warehouse,
To the man in the stand;
To the man in the canning house,
Selling cans.

To the man on the corner,
To the man with his gun;
To the man who takes warning,
When the policeman comes.

To the man on the transfer,
To the man in the bus;
To the man on the rock-pile,
Raising a fuss.

To the man on the sidewalk,
To the man further down;
To the man that gets balked,
At the other end of town.

To the man in the storehouse,
To the man on the road;

To the farmer that has come to town,
With a heavy load.

To the man in the drug store,
To the man that pulls the oar;
To the man in the wagon shop,
A regular hub gore.

To the man on his wheel,
To the man with his girl;
To the man on the tram car,
Taking a whirl.

To the man at the picnic,
To the man at the fair;
To the man that is without,
Something to eat or wear.

To the man that is the printer,
Where the books are bound;
Is to be located,
Somewhere in town.

On Easter Morn.

You may look for the proud,
The gay and the scorn;
You may look for eggs
On Easter morn.

You may look for the policeman
With a blue back;
Also the preacher,
With his tract.

You may look for the buggies
The busses and the brains;
And what is not
Worth saying over again.

You may look out for the cycle
And the car,
Mind now boys
There's a preacher over there.

You may look out for the bum
And the bust
Why, say, policeman
Don't look at us.

You may look for the beggars,
The brewers we said;
We like a whole heap,
Of being dead.

We may look out for the wholesale,
Also the stand;
And if you don't mind,
That other man.

You may look out for the factories
And the flashing star,
The Lord have
Humble compassion over there.

Easter's Recessional.

Backward, turn backward,
Easter's decline;
Sad enough for anyone,
Who has already dined.

The boat has left,
And the car has gone;
There is sure to be,
A bad spell coming on.

The bums in the sun,
Are lying about;
Whipping police with their tongues,
That's hiding out.

The man of the stand,
Has become the man;
That's hard to balk,
For he has his sweetheart,
Out for a walk.

For egg suckers are,
A thing of the past;
For there, now boys,
Goes my last.

The man with the yellow metal,
Has grown old;
The size of his pockets,
A dime would hold,

The man with the cans,
Has become the man with the dolls;
For he carries around,
Some other man's poll.

The man in the buggy,
Thinks he's some;
I'd reckon he was,
He was until the other man comes.

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